

Ms. 2. 1771
5

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
CLEOPATRA.

BY MR. SAMUEL DANIEL.

Aetas prima cauat veneres, postrema tumultus.

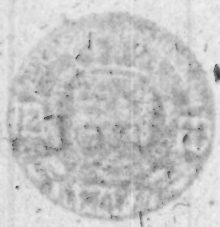
GLASGOW,

PRINTED AND SOLD BY ROBERT & ANDREW FOULIS

M. DCC. LI.

FRAGILE

CLERICAL



P

L

The
To
She,
Stre

Call
To

I w
Mad
And
And

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LADY MARY,
COUNTESS OF
PEMBROKE.

LO! here the labour which she did impose,
Whose influence did predominate my muse,
The star of wonder my desires first chose,
To guide their travels in the course I use:
She, whose clear brightness had the power to infuse
Strength to my thoughts, from whence these motions
came,

Call'd up my spirits from out their low repose,
To sing of state, and tragic notes to frame.

I who (contented with an humble song,)
Made music to myself that pleas'd me best,
And only told of DELIA, and her wrong,
And prais'd her eyes, and plain'd mine own unrest:

(A text from whence my muse had not digress'd)
 Madam, had not thy well-grac'd Anthony
 (Who all alone having remained long)
 Requir'd his Cleopatra's company.

Who if she here do so appear in act,
 That he can scarce discern her for his queen,
 Finding how much she of herself hath lack'd,
 And miss'd that grace wherein she should be seen,
 Her worth obscur'd, her spirit embas'd clean;
 Yet lightning thou by thy sweet chearfulness
 My dark defects, which from her powers detract,
 He may her guess by some resemblances.

And I hereafter in another kind,
 More suiting to the nature of my vein,
 May peradventure raise my humble mind
 To other music in this higher strain;
 Since I perceive the world and thou dost deign
 To countenance my song, and cherish me,
 I must so work posterity may find,
 My love to verse, my gratitude to thee.

Now when so many pens (like spears) are charg'd
 To chase away this tyrant of the north,
 Gross Barbarism, whose pow'r grown far enlarg'd,
 Was lately by thy valiant brother's worth
 First found, encounter'd, and provoked forth:
 Whose onset made the rest audacious,
 Whereby they likewise have so well discharg'd
 Upon that hideous beast intrenching thus.

And now must I with that poor strength I have
Resist so foul a foe in what I may:
And arm against oblivion and the grave,
That else in darkness carries all away,
And makes of all an universal prey;
So that if by my pen procure I shall,
But to defend me, and my name to save,
Then tho' I die, I cannot yet die all.

But still the better part of me will live,
And in that part will live thy rev'rend name,
Altho' thyself dost far more glory give
Unto thyself, than I can by the same,
Who dost with thine own hand a bulwark frame
Against these monsters, (enemies of honour)
Which evermore shall so defend thy fame,
As time or they shall never prey upon her.

Those hymns which thou dost consecrate to heav'n,
Which Israel's singer to his God did frame,
Unto thy voice eternity hath given,
And makes thee dear to him from whence they came,
In them must rest thy venerable name,
So long as Sion's God remaineth honoured;
And till confusion hath all zeal bereaven,
And murther'd faith, and temples ruined.

By this (great lady) thou must then be known,
When Wilton lies low levell'd with the ground:
And this is that which thou may'st call thine own,
Which sacrilegious time cannot confound.

Here thou surviv'st thyself, here thou art found
 Of late succeeding ages, fresh in fame:
 This monument cannot be overthrown,
 Where, in eternal brass, remains thy name.

O that the ocean did not bound our stile
 Within these strict and narrow limits so;
 But that the melody of our sweet isle
 Might now be heard to Tyber, Arne, and Po:
 That they might know how far Thames doth out-go
 The musick of declined Italy;
 And listning to our songs another while,
 Might learn of thee their notes to purify.

O why may not some after-coming hand
 Unlock these limits, open our confines,
 And break asunder this imprisoning band,
 T' inlarge our spirits, and publish our designs;
 Planting our roses on the Apenines?
 And to reach Rheyne, to Løyse, and Rhodanus,
 Our accents, and the wonders of our land,
 That they might all admire and honour us.

Whereby great Sidney, and our Spencer might,
 With those Po fingers being equalled,
 Enchant the world with such a sweet delight,
 That their eternal songs (for ever read)
 May shew what great Eliza's reign hath bred.
 What music in the kingdom of her peace
 Hath now been made to her, and by her might,
 Whereby her glorious fame shall never cease.

But if that fortune doth deny us this,
Then Neptune lock up with thy ocean key,
This treasure to ourselves, and let them miss
Of so sweet riches: as unworthy they
To taste the great delights that we enjoy.
And let our harmony, so pleasing grown,
Content ourselves, whose error ever is
Strange notes to like, and disesteem our own.

But, whither do my vows transport me now,
Without the compass of my course enjoyn'd?
Alas! what honour can a voice so low
As this of mine expect hereby to find?
But, (Madam) this doth animate my mind,
That yet I shall be read among the rest,
And tho' I do not to perfection grow,
Yet something shall I be, tho' not the best.

THE A R G U M E N T.

After the death of *Antonius*, *Gleopatra* (living still in the monument she had caused to be built) could not by any means be drawn forth, altho' *Octavius Caesar* very earnestly labour'd it, and sent *Proculeius*, to use all diligence to bring her unto him: for that he thought it would be a great ornament to his triumphs, to get her alive to Rome. But never would she put herself into the hands of *Proculeius*, altho' on a time he found the means (by a window that was at the top of the monument) to come down unto her: where he persuaded her (all he might) to yield herself to *Caesar's* mercy. Which she, (to be rid of him) cunningly seemed to grant unto. After that, *Octavius* in person went to visit her, to whom she excus'd her offence, laying all the fault upon the greatness, and fear she had of *Antonius*, and withal, seemed very tractable, and willing to be disposed of by him.

Whereupon *Octavius* (thinking himself sure) resolved present to send her away to Rome, whereof *Dolabella*, a favourite of *Caesar's*, (and one that was grown into some good liking of her) having certify'd her, she makes her humble petition to *Caesar*, that he would suffer her to sacrifice to the ghost of *Antonius*:

which being granted her, she was brought unto his sepulchre, where, after her rites performed, she returned to the monument, and there dined with great magnificence. And in dinner-time, came there one in the habit of a countryman, with a basket of figs unto her, who (unsuspected) was suffer'd to carry them in. And in the basket (among the figs) were convey'd the aspikes wherewith she did herself to death. Dinner being ended, she dispatch'd letters to Caesar, containing great lamentations, with an earnest supplication, that she might be intombed with Antonius. Whereupon Caesar, knowing what she intended, sent presently with all speed messengers to have prevented her death, which notwithstanding, before they came, was dispatched.

Caesario, her Son, which she had by Julius Caesar, (conveyed before unto India, out of the danger of the wars) was about the same time of her death murther'd at Rhodes, trained thither by the falsehood of his tutor, corrupted by Caesar. And so, hereby came the race of the Ptolomies to be wholly extinct, and the flourishing rich kingdom of Egypt utterly overthrown and subdu'd.

The NAMES of the ACTORS.

CLEOPATRA.

PROCULIUS.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

DOLABELLA.

TITUS, servant to DOLABELLA.

ARIUS,

PHILOSTRATUS,

} Two Philosophers.

SELEUCUS, Secretary to CLEOPATRA.

RODON, Tutor to CAESARIO.

NUNTIUS.

The CHORUS, all EGYPTIANS.

The SCENE suppos'd ALEXANDRIA.

Y
Shut
Will
Is th
Of C
Have
Of a
Can
Of D
Won
Whe
Whil
On w
My A
That
Who
Crush
Follow
The t
Where
The g

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CLEOPATRA.

YET do I live, and yet doth breath extend
My life beyond my life; nor can my grave
Shut up my griefs, to make my end my end?
Will yet confusion have more than I have?
Is th' honour, wonder, glory, pomp, and all
Of Cleopatra dead, and she not dead?
Have I outliv'd myself, and seen the fall
Of all upon me, and not ruined?
Can yet these eyes endure the ghastly look
Of Desolation's dark and ugly face,
Wont but on Fortune's fairest side to look,
Where nought was but applause, but smiles and grace?
Whiles on his shoulders all my rest rely'd
On whom the burthen of m' ambition lay,
My Atlas, and supporter of my pride,
That did the world of all my glory sway,
Who now thrown down, disgrac'd, confounded lies,
Crush'd with the weight of shame and infamy,
Following the unlucky party of mine eyes,
The trains of lust and imbecillity,
Whereby my dissolution is become
The grave of Egypt, and the wreck of all;

My unforeseeing weakness must intomb
My country's fame and glory with my fall.

Now who would think that I were she, who late
With all the ornaments on earth enrich'd,
Environ'd with delights, compass'd with state,
Glittering in pomp that hearts and eyes bewitch'd,
Should thus distrels'd, cast down from off that height
Levell'd with low disgrac'd calamity,
Under the weight of such affliction sigh,
Reduc'd unto th' extreamest misery?

Am I the woman whose inventive pride,
Adorn'd like Isis, scorn'd mortality?
Is't I would have my frailty so bely'd,
That flattery could persuade I was not I?
Well now I see, they but delude that praise us,
Greatness is mock'd, Prosperity betrays us.
And we are but ourselves, altho' this cloud
Of interposed smoaks make us seem more:
These spreading parts of pomp whereof we're proud
Are not our parts, but parts of others store:
Witness these gallant fortune-following trains,
These summer-swallows of felicity,
Gone with the heat of all, see what remains,
This monument, two maids, and wretched I.
And I t' adorn their triumphs am reserv'd
A captive, kept to honour others' spoils,
Whom Caesar labours so to have preserv'd,
And seeks to entertain my life with wiles.
But, Caesar, it is more than thou can'st do;
Promise, flatter, threaten extremity,
Employ thy wits and all thy force thereto,
I have both hands, and will, and I can die.
Tho' thou, of both my country and my crown,
Of pow'r, of means, and all dost quite bereave me;
Tho' thou hast wholly Egypt made thine own,
Yet hast thou left me that which will deceive thee;
That courage with my blood and birth innated,
Admir'd of all the earth as thou art now,
Can never be so abjectly abated
To be thy slave, that rul'd as good as thou.

Think, Caesar, I that liv'd and reign'd a queen,
Do scorn to buy my life at such a rate,
That I should underneath myself be seen,
Basely enduring to survive my state;
That Rome should see my sceptre-bearing hands
Behind me bound, and glory in my tears,
That I should pass whereas Octavia stands
To view my misery, that purchas'd her's.
No, I disdain that head which wore a crown,
Should stoop to take up that which others give;
I must not be, unless I be mine own;
'Tis sweet to die when we are forc'd to live.
Nor had I stay'd behind myself this space,
(Nor pay'd such int'rest for this borrowed breath,
But that hereby I seek to purchase grace
For my distressed seed after my death.
It's that which doth my dearest blood controul,
That's it alas! detains me from my tomb,
Whiles nature brings to contradict my soul
The argument of mine unhappy womb.
You luckless issue of a woeful mother,
The wretched pledges of a wanton bed,
You kings design'd must subjects live to other;
Or else, I fear, scarce live, when I am dead.
It is for you I temporize with Caesar,
And stay this while to mediate your safety:
For you I feign content, and sooth his pleasure,
Calamity herein hath made me crafty.
But this is but to try what may be done,
For come what will, this stands I must die free,
And die myself uncaptiv'd and unwon.
Blood, children, nature, all must pardon me.
My soul yields honour up the victory,
And I must be a queen, forget a mother,
Tho' mother would I be, were I not I;
And queen would not be now, could I be other.
But what know I, if th' heavens have decreed,
And that the sins of Egypt have deserv'd
The Ptolomies should fail, and none succeed,
And that my weakness was thereto reserv'd,

That I should bring confusion to my state,
 And fill the measure of iniquity,
 Luxuriousness in me should raise the rate
 Of loose and ill dispensed liberty.
 If it be so, then what need these delays?
 Since I was made the means of misery,
 Why should I strive but to make death my praise,
 That had my life but for my infamy?
 And let me write in letters of my blood,
 A fit memorial for the times to come,
 To be example to such princes good
 As please themselves, and care not what become.

And Anthony, because the world takes note
 That my defects have only ruin'd thee,
 And my ambitious practises are thought
 The motive and the cause of all to be:
 Tho' God thou know'st how just this stain is laid
 Upon my soul, whom ill success makes ill:
 Yet since condemn'd misfortune hath no aid
 Against proud luck that argues what it will,
 I have no means to undeceive their minds,
 But to bring in the witness of my blood,
 To testify the faith and love that binds
 My equal shame, to fall with whom I stood.
 Defects I grant I had, but this was worst,
 That being the first to fall, I dy'd not first.

Tho' I perhaps could lighten mine own side
 With some excuse of my constrained case
 Drawn down with pow'r; but that were to divide
 My shame, to stand alone in my disgrace.
 To clear me so, would shew m' affections naught,
 And make th' excuse more heinous than the fault.
 Since if I should our errors disunite,
 I should confound affliction's only rest,
 That from stern death even steals a sad delight,
 To die with friends or with the like distress'd;
 And since we took of either such firm hold
 In th' overwhelming seas of fortune cast,
 What power should be of power to reunfold
 The arms of our affections lock'd so fast?

For grāpling in the ocean of our pride,
We sunk each others greatness both together ;
And both made shipwreck of our fame beside,
Both wrought a like destruction unto either:
And therefore I am bound to sacrifice
To death and thee, the life that doth reprove me :
Our like distress I feel doth sympathize,
And ev'n affliction makes me truly love thee.
Which, Anthony, I must confess my fault,
I never did sincerely until now :
New I protest I do, now am I taught
In death to love, in life that knew not how ;
For whilst my glory in her greatness stood,
And that I saw my state, and knew my beauty ;
Saw how the world admir'd me, how they woo'd,
I then thought all men must love me of duty,
And I love none : for my lascivious court,
Fertile in ever fresh and new choice pleasure,
Afforded me so bountiful disport,
That I to stay on love had never leisure :
My vagabond desires no limits found,
For lust is endless, pleasure hath no bound.

Thou coming from the strictness of thy city,
And never this loose pomp of monarchs learnedst,
Inur'd to wars, in womens wiles unwitty,
Whilst others feign'd, thou fell'st to love in earnest,
Not knowing how we like them best that hover,
And make least reckoning of a doating lover.

And yet thou cam'st but in my beauty's wain,
When new appearing wrinkles of declining
Wrought with the hand of years, seem'd to detain
My grace's light, as now but dimly shining
Ev'n in the confines of mine age, when I
Failing of what I was, and was but thus ;
When such as we do deem in jealousy,
That men love for themselves, and not for us ;
Then, and but thus, thou didst love most sincerely,
O Anthony, that best deserv'st it better,
This Autumn of my beauty bought so dearly,
For which in more than death I stand thy debtor,

Which I will pay thee with so true a mind,
 (Casting up all these deep accompts of mine)
 That both our souls, and all the world shall find
 All reckoning clear'd betwixt my love and thine.

But to th' end I may prevent proud Caesar,
 Who doth so eagerly my life importune,
 I must prevail me of this little leisure,
 Seeming to sute my mind unto my fortune;
 Thereby with more convenience to provide
 For what my death and honour best shall fit:
 An yielding base content must war'ly hide
 My last design till I accomplish it;
 That hereby yet the world shall see that I,
 Altho' unwise to live, had wit to die.

C H O R U S.

*Behold what furies still
 Torment their tortur'd breast,
 Who by their doing ill
 Have wrought the world's unrest.*

*Which when being most distress'd,
 Yet more to vex their sp'rite,
 The hideous face of sin,
 (In forms they must detest)
 Stands ever in their sight.*

*Their conscience still within
 Th' eternal larum is,*

That ever-barking dog, that calls upon their mis.

No means at all to bide,

Man for himself can find :

No way to start aside

Out from the hell of mind.

But in himself confin'd,

He still sees sin before ;

And winged-footed pain,

That swiftly comes behind.

The which is evermore,

The sure and certain gain

Impiety doth get,

And wanton loose respect, that doth itself forget.

*And Cleopatra now
Well sees the dangerous way
She took, and car'd not how,
Which led her to decay.*

*And likewise makes us pay
For her disorder'd lust
The int'rest of our blood,
Or live a servile prey
Under a hand unjust,
As others shall think good.
This hath her riot won;
And thus she hath her state, herself and us undone.*

*Now every mouth can tell,
What close was muttered:
How that she did not well,
To take the course she did.*

*For now is nothing hid,
Of what fear did restrain.
No secret closely done,
But now is uttered.*

*The text is made most plain
That flattery gloss'd upon,
The bed of sin reveal'd,
And all the luxury that shame would have conceal'd.*

*The scene is broken down,
And all uncover'd lies,
The purple actors known
Scarce men, whom men despise.*

*The complots of the wise,
Prove imperfections smok'd:
And all that wonder gave
To pleasure-gazing eyes,
Lies scatter'd, dash'd, all broke.
Thus much beguiled have
Poor unconsiderate wights,
These momentary pleasures, fugitive delights.*

A C T II.

CAESAR, PROCULEIUS.

Caes. Kingdoms I see we win, we conquer climates,
 Yet cannot vanquish hearts, nor force obedience;
 Affections kept in close-concealed limits,
 Stand far without the reach of sword or violence,
 Who forc'd do pay us duty, pay not love:
 Free is the heart, the temple of the mind,
 The sanctuary sacred from above,
 Where nature keeps the keys that loose and bind;
 No mortal man force open can that door,
 So close shut up, and lock'd to all mankind:
 I see mens bodies only ours, no more,
 The rest another's right, that rules the mind.

Behold, my forces vanquish'd have this land,
 Subdu'd that strong competitor of mine:
 All Egypt yields to my all-conquering hand,
 And all their treasure and themselves resign.
 Only this queen, that hath lost all this all,
 To whom is nothing left except a mind,
 Cannot into a thought of yielding fall,
 To be dispos'd as chance hath her assign'd.

But, Proculeius, what hope doth she now give,
 Will she be brought to condescend to live?

Pro. My lord, what time being sent from you to try
 To win her forth alive (if that I might)
 From out the monument, where woefully
 She lives inclos'd in most afflicted plight:
 No way I found, no means how to surprize her,
 But through a grate at th' entry of the place,
 Standing to treat, I labour'd to advise her
 To come to Caesar, and to sue for grace.
 She said, she crav'd not life, but leave to die,
 Yet for her children, pray'd they might inherit;
 That Caesar would vouchsafe (in clemency)
 To pity them, tho' she deserv'd no merit.

So leaving her for then; and since of late
 With Gallus, sent to try another time,
 The whilst he entertains her at the grate,
 I found the means up to the tomb to climb.

Wherein descending in the closest wise,
 And silent manner as I could contrive,
 Her woman me descry'd, and out she cries,
 Poor Cleopatra, thou art ta'en alive.

With that the queen caught from her side her knife,
 And ev'n in act to stab her martyr'd breast,
 I stept with speed, and held, and sav'd her life,
 And forth her trembling hand the blade did wrest.

Ah, Cleopatra, why shouldst thou (said I)
 Both injury thyself and Caesar so?

Bar him the honour of his victory,
 Who ever deals most mildly with his foe?
 Live and rely on him, whose mercy will
 To thy submission always ready be.

With that (as all amaz'd) she held her still,
 'Twixt majesty confus'd and misery.

Her proud griev'd eyes held sorrow and disdain,
 State and distress warring within her soul:
 Dying ambition dispossest'd her reign,
 So base affliction seemed to controul.

Like as a burning lamp, whose liquor spent,
 With intermitted flames, when dead you deem it,
 Sends forth a dying flash, as discontent,

That so the matter fails, that should redeem it:
 So she (in spight) to see her low brought state,
 (When all her hopes were now consum'd to nought)
 Scorns yet to make an abject league with fate,
 Or once descend into a servile thought.

Th' imperious tongue, unused to beseech,
 Authority confounds with prayers so,
 Words of command conjoyn'd with humble speech,
 Shew'd she would live, yet scorn'd to pray her foe.

Ah! what hath Caesar here to do, said she,
 In confines of the dead, in darkness lying?

Will he not grant our sepulchres be free,
 But violate the privilege of dying?

What, must he stretch forth his ambitious hand
 Into the right of death, and force us here ?
 Hath misery no covert where to stand
 Free from the storm of pride, is't safe no where ?
 Cannot my land, my gold, my crown suffice,
 And all what I held dear, to him made common ;
 But that he must in this sort tyrannize
 Th' afflicted body of a woeful woman ?
 Tell him my frailty, and the gods have given
 Sufficient glory, could he be content :
 And let him now with his desires make even,
 And leave me to this horror, to lament.
 Now he hath taken all away from me,
 What must he take me from myself by force ?
 Ah, let him yet (in mercy) leave me free
 The kingdom of this poor distressed coarſe.
 No other crown I ſeek, no other good.
 Yet wiſh that Caeſar would vouchſafe this grace,
 To favour the poor offspring of my blood,
 Confuſed iſſue, yet of Roman race.
 If blood and name be links of love in princes,
 Not ſpurs of hate, my poor Caeſario may
 Find favour notwithstanding mine offences,
 And 'Caeſar's blood may Caeſar's raging ſtay.
 But if that with the torrent of my fall,
 All muſt be wrap'd with furious violence,
 And no reſpect nor no regard at all,
 Can ought with nature, or with blood diſpenſe :
 Then be it ſo, if needs it muſt be ſo.

There ſtays, and ſhrinks in horror of her ſtate :
 When I began to mitigate her woe,
 And thy great mercies unto her relate ;
 Wiſhing her not deſpair, but rather come
 And ſue for grace, and ſhake off all vain fears :
 No doubt ſhe ſhould obtain as gentle doom
 As ſhe deſir'd, both for herſelf and her's :
 And ſo with much ado, (well pacify'd
 Seeming to be) ſhe ſhew'd content to live,
 Saying ſhe was reſolv'd thy doom t' abide,
 And to accept what favour thou wouldſt give,

And herewithal crav'd also that she might
Perform her last rites to her lost belov'd,
To sacrifice to him that wrought her plight :
And that she might not be by force remov'd.
I granting from thy part this her request,
Left her for then, seeming in better rest.

Caes. But dost thou think she will remain so still?

Pro. I think, and do assure myself she will.

Caes. Ah, private men sound not the hearts of princes,
Whose actions oft bear contrary pretences.

Pro. Why 'tis her safety to come yield to thee.

Caes. But 'tis more honour for her to go free.

Pro. She may thereby procure her childrens good.

Caes. Princes respect their honour more than blood.

Pro. Can princes power dispense with nature then?

Caes. To be a prince, is more than be a man.

Pro. There's none but have in time persuaded been.

Caes. And so might she too, were she not a queen.

Pro. Divers respects will force her be reclaim'd.

Caes. Princes (like lions) never will be tam'd.

A private man may yield and care not how,
But greater hearts will break before they bow,
And sure I think she'll never condescend,
To live to grace our spoils with her disgrace :
But yet let still a wary troop attend,
To guard her person, and to watch the place,
And look that none with her come to confer ;
Shortly myself will go to visit her.

CHORUS.

Opinion, how dost thou molest

Tb' affected mind of restless man :

Who following thee never can,

Nor ever shall attain to rest,

Forgetting what thou say'st is best ;

Yet lo ! that best he finds far wide

Of what thou promis'd'st before :

For in the same he look'd for more,

Which 'proves but small, when once 'tis try'd.

Then something else thou find'st beside,
 To draw him still from thought to thought:
 When in the end all proves but nought.
 Farther from rest he finds him then,
 Than at the first when he began.

O malecontent, seducing guest,
 Contriver of our greatest woes,
 Which born of wind, and fed with sorrows,
 Dost nurse thyself in thine unrest,
 Judging ungotten things the best,
 Or what thou in conceit design'st,
 And all things in the world dost deem
 Not as they are, but as they seem:
 Which shews their state thou ill defin'st:
 And liv'st to come, in present pin'st.
 For what thou hast, thou still dost lack:
 O mind's tormentor, body's rack,
 Vain promiser of that sweet rest
 Which never any yet possess'd.

If we unto ambition tend,
 Then dost thou draw our weakness on,
 With vain imagination
 Of that which never hath an end.
 Or if that lust we apprehend,
 How doth that pleasant plague infect?
 O what strange forms of luxury,
 Thou strait dost cast t' intice us by?
 And tell'st us that is ever best,
 Which we have never yet possess'd,
 And that more pleasure rests beside,
 In something that we have not try'd:
 And when the same likewise is had,
 Then all is one, and all is bad.
 This Anthony can say is true,
 And Cleopatra knows 'tis so,
 By th' experience of their woe.
 She can say, she never knew
 But that lust found pleasures new,

And was never satisfy'd :
 He can say by proof of toil,
 Ambition is a vulture vile,
 That feeds upon the heart of pride,
 And finds no rest when all is try'd.
 For worlds cannot confine the one ;
 Th' other lists, and bounds hath none :
 And both subvert the mind, the state,
 Procure destruction, envy, hate.

And now when all this is prov'd vain,
 Yet opinion leaves not here,
 But sticks to Cleopatra near,
 Persuading now, how she shall gain
 Honour by death, and fame attain,
 And what a shame it was to live,
 Her kingdom lost, her lover dead :
 And so with this persuasion led,
 Despair doth such a courage give,
 That nought else can her mind relieve,
 Nor yet divert her from that thought :
 To this conclusion all is brought.
 This is that rest this vain world lends,
 To end in death, that all things ends.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PHILOSTRATUS, ARIUS.

Phi. **H**OW deeply, Arius, am I bound to thee,
 That sav'st from death this wretched life of
 mine :

Obtaining Caesar's gentle grace for me,
 When I of all helps else despair'd but thine?
 Altho' I see in such a woeful state,
 Life is not that which should be much desir'd:
 Sith all our glories come to end their date,
 Our country's honour and our own expir'd ;

Now that the hand of wrath hath over-gone us,
 Living (as 'twere) in the arms of our dead mother,
 With blood under our feet, ruin upon us,
 And in a land most wretched of all other;
 When yet we reckon life our dearest good,
 And so we live, we care not how we live:
 So deep we feel impressed in our blood,
 That touch which nature without breath did give.
 And yet what blasts of words hath learning found,
 To blow against the fear of death and dying?
 What comforts unsick eloquence can sound,
 And yet all fail us in the point of trying?
 For whilst we reason with the breath of safety,
 Without the compass of destruction living,
 What precepts shew we then, what courage losty
 In taxing others fears in counsel-giving?
 When all this air of sweet contrived words
 Proves but weak armour to defend the heart,
 For when this life, pale fear and terror boards,
 Where are our precepts then, where is our art?
 O who is he that from himself can turn,
 That bears about the body of a man?
 Who doth not toil and labour to adjourn
 The day of death by any means he can?
 All this I speak to th' end myself t' excuse
 For my base begging of a servile breath,
 Wherein I grant myself much to abuse,
 So shamefully to seek t' avoid my death.

Ari. Philostratus, that self-same care to live
 Possesseth all alike, and grieve not then,
 Nature doth us no more than others give:
 Tho' we speak more than men, we are but men.
 And yet in truth these miseries to see,
 Wherein we stand in most extreme distress,
 Might to ourselves sufficient motives be
 To loath this life, and weigh our death the less:
 For never any age hath better taught,
 What feeble footing pride and greatness hath,
 How improvident prosperity is caught,
 And clean confounded in the day of wrath.

See how dismay'd confusion keeps those streets,
 That nought but mirth and music late resounded,
 How nothing with our eye but horror meets,
 Our state, our wealth, our pride, and all confounded:
 Yet what weak fight did not discern from far
 This black arising tempest, all confounding?
 Who did not see we should be what we are,
 When pride and riot grew to such abounding?
 When dissolute impiety possess'd
 Th' unrespective minds of prince, and people:
 When insolent security found rest
 In wanton thoughts, with lust and ease made scoble?
 Then when unwary peace, with fat-fed pleasure,
 New fresh invented riots still detected,
 Purchas'd with all the Ptolomies rich treasure,
 Our laws, our gods, our mysteries neglected:
 Who saw not how this confluence of vice,
 This inundation of disorders, must
 At length of force pay back the bloody price
 Of sad destruction (a reward for lust)?
 O thou and I have heard, and read, and known
 Of like proud states; as woefully incumbred,
 And fram'd by them examples for our own,
 Which now among examples must be numbred.
 For this decree a law from high is given,
 An ancient canon, of eternal date,
 In the consistory of the stars of heav'n
 Enter'd the book of unavoided fate,
 That no state can in height of happiness,
 In th' exaltation of their glory stand:
 But thither once arriv'd, declining less,
 Ruin themselves, or fall by others hand.
 Thus doth the ever-changing course of things
 Run a perpetual circle, ever turning;
 And that same day, that highest glory brings,
 Brings us into the point of back-returning.
 For senseless sensuality doth ever
 Accompany felicity and greatness;
 A fatal witch, whose charms do leave us never,
 Till we leave all in sorrow, for our sweetness;

When yet ourselves must be the cause we fall,
 Altho' the same be first decreed on high:
 Our errors still must bear the blame of all,
 Thus must it be, earth ask not heaven why.

Yet mighty men, with wary jealous hand,
 Strive to cut off all obstacles of fear,
 All whatsoever seems but to withstand
 Their least conceit of quiet, held so dear;
 And so intrench themselves with blood, with crimes,
 With all injustice as their fears dispose:
 Yet for all this, we see how oftentimes
 The means they work to keep, are means to lose.
 And sure, I cannot see how this can stand
 With great Augustus' safety, and his honour,
 To cut off all succession from our land,
 For her offence that pull'd the wars upon her.

Phi. Why must her issue pay the price of that?

Ari. The price is life, that they are rated at.

Phi. Caesario too, issu'd of Caesar's blood?

Ari. Plurality of Caesars are not good.

Phi. Alas! what hurt procures his feeble arm?

Ari. Not for it doth, but that it may do harm.

Phi. Then when it offers hurt, repress the same.

Ari. 'Tis best to quench a spark before it flame.

Phi. 'Tis inhumane an innocent to kill.

Ari. Such innocents seldom remain so still.

And sure his death may best procure our peace,
 Competitors the subject dearly buys:
 And so that our affliction may surcease,
 Let great men be the peoples sacrifice.

But see where Caesar comes himself, to try
 And work the mind of our distressed Queen,
 To apprehend some false hope, whereby
 She might be drawn to have her fortune seen;
 But yet I think, Rome will not see that face
 (That quell'd her champions) blush in base disgrace.

SCENE II.

Caesar, Cleopatra, Seleucus, Dolabella.

Caes. What, Cleopatra, dost thou doubt so much
Of Caesar's mercy, that thou hid'st thy face?
Or dost thou think thy offences can be such,
That they surmount the measure of our grace?

Cle. O Caesar, not for that I fly thy sight,
My soul this sad retire of sorrow chose:
But that m' oppressed thoughts abhorring light,
Like best in darkness my disgrace t' inclose.
And here to these close limits of despair,
This solitary horror where I bide,
Caesar, I thought no Roman should repair
More after him, who here oppressed dy'd:
Yet now, here at thy conqu'ring feet I lie,
Poor captive soul, that never thought to bow:
Whose happy foot of rule and majesty
Stood late on the same ground thou standest now.

Caes. Rise Queen, none but thy self is cause of all,
And yet would all were but thine own alone:
That others ruin had not with thy fall
Brought Rome her sorrows to my triumph's moan.
For breaking off the league of love and blood,
Thou mak'st my winning joy again unpleasing:
Sith th' eye of grief must look into our good,
Thorough the horror of our own blood-shedding,
And all we must attribute unto thee.

Cle. To me, Caesar! what should a woman do
Oppress'd with greatness? what, was it for me
To contradict my lord, being bent thereto?
I was by love, by fear, by weakness, made
An instrument to such designs as these.
For when the Lord of all the Orient bade,
Who but obey'd? who was not glad to please?
And how could I withdraw my succouring hand
From him that had my heart, and what was mine?

The int'rest of my faith in streightest band,
My love to his most firmly did combine.

Caes. Love! alas no, it was th' innate hatred
That thou and thine hast ever born our people,
That made thee seek all means to have us scattered,
To disunite our strength, and make us feeble.
And therefore did that breast nurse our dissention,
With hope t' exalt thyself, t' augment thy state,
To prey upon the wreck of our contention,
And (with the rest o' our sops) to joy thereat.

Cle. O Caesar, see how easy 'tis t' accuse
Whom fortune hath made faulty by their fall,
The wretched conquered may not refuse
The titles of reproach he's charg'd withal.

The conquering cause hath right, wherein thou art,
The vanquish'd still is judg'd the worse part,
Which part is mine, because I lost my part,
No lesser than the portion of a crown,
Enough for me, alas! what need of art
To gain by others, but to keep mine own?
But here let weaker powers note what it is,
To neighbour great competitors too near,
If we take part, we oft do perish thus,
If neutral bide, both parties we must fear.

Alas! what shall the fore'd partakers do?
When following none, yet must they perish too?
But Caesar, sith thy right and cause is such,
Be not a heavy weight upon calamity:
Depress not the afflicted over much,
The chiefest glory is the victor's lenity.
Th' inheritance of mercy from him take,
Of whom thou hast thy fortune, and thy name:
Great Caesar me a queen at first did make,
And let not Caesar now confound the same.
Read here these lines, which still I keep with me,
The witness of his love and favours ever:
And God forbid this should be said of thee,
That Caesar wrong'd the favoured of Caesar.
For look what I have been to Anthony,
Think thou the same I might have been to thee.

And here I do present thee with a note
Of all the treasure, all the jewels rare;
That Egypt hath in many ages got;
And look what Cleopatra hath, is there.

Sel. Nay, there's not all set down within that roll;
I know something she hath reserv'd a-part.

Cle. What, vile, ungrateful wretch, dar'st thou controul
Thy queen and sovereign, caitiff as thou art?

Caes. Hold, hold; a poor revenge can work so feeble

Cle. Ah Caesar, what a great indignity [hands.
Is this, that here my vassal subject stands—
T' accuse me to my lord of treachery?

If I reserv'd some certain womens toys,
Alas! it was not for myself (God knows)

Poor miserable soul, that little joys
In trifling ornaments, in outward shows.

But what I kept, I kept to make my way
Unto thy Livia and Octavia's grace,
That thereby in compassion moved, they
Might mediate thy favour in my case.

Caes. Well, Cleopatra, fear not, thou shalt find
What favour thou desir'st, or can'st expect:
For Caesar never yet was found but kind
To such as yield, and can themselves subject.
And therefore give thou comfort to thy mind;
Relieve thy soul thus overcharg'd with care,
How well I will intreat thee, thou shalt find
So soon as some affairs dispatched are.
Till then farewell.

Cle. Thanks, thrice renowned Caesar,
Poor Cleopatra rests thine own for ever.

Dol. No marvel, Caesar, tho' our greatest spirits
Have to the power of such a charming beauty
Been brought to yield the honour of their merits,
Forgetting all respect of other duty,
Then whilst the glory of her youth remain'd
The wondring object to each wanton eye:
Before her full of sweet (with sorrow wain'd)
Came to the period of this misery:

If still, ev'n in the midst of death and horror,
Such beauty shines, through clouds of age and sorrow,
If ev'n those sweet decays seem to plead for her,
Which from affliction moving graces borrow:

If in calamity she could thus move,

What could she do adorn'd with youth and love?

What could she do then, when as spreading wide

The pomp of beauty in her glory dight;

When arm'd with wonder, she could use beside

Th' engines of her love, hope and delight?

Beauty, daughter of Marvel, O see how

Thou can'st disgracing sorrows sweetly grace;

What power thou shew'st in a distressed brow,

That mak'st affliction fair, giv'st tears their grace:

What can untressed locks, can torn rent hair,

A weeping eye, a weiling face be fair?

I see then artless feature can content;

And that true beauty needs no ornament.

Caef. What, in a passion, Dolabella? what, take heed,

Let others fresh examples be thy warning:

What mischiefs these so idle humours breed,

Whilst error keeps us from a true discerning?

Indeed I saw she labour'd to impart

Her sweetest graces in her saddest cheer:

Prefuming on the face, that knew the art

To move with what aspect so'er it were.

But all in vain, she takes her aim amiss,

The ground and mark her level much deceives;

Time now hath alter'd all, for neither is

She as she was, nor we as she conceives;

And therefore now, 'twere best she left such badness,

Folly in youth is sin, in age 'tis madness.

And for my part, I seek but t'entertain

In her some feeding hope to draw her forth;

The greatest trophy that my travels gain,

Is to bring home a prize of such worth.

And now sith that she seems so well content

To be dispos'd by us, without more stay,

She with her children shall to Rome be sent,

Whilst I by Syria thither take my way.

CHORUS.

O fearful frowning *Neptunus*,
 Daughter of Justice most severe,
 That art the world's great arbitress,
 And queen of causes reigning here,
 Whose swift sure hand is ever near
 Eternal justice, righting wrong:
 Who never yet deferrest long
 The proud's decay, the weak's redress:
 But thro' thy power every where,
 Dost raze the great, and raise the less;
 The less made great doth ruin too,
 To shew the earth what heaven can do.

Thou from dark-clos'd eternity,
 From thy black cloudy hidden seat,
 The world's disorders dost descry:
 Which when they swell so proudly great,
 Reversing th' order nature set,
 Thou giv'st thy all-confounding doom,
 Which none can know before it come.
 Th' inevitable destiny,
 Which neither wit nor strength can let,
 Fast chain'd unto necessity,
 In mortal things doth order so,
 Th' alternate course of weal or woe.

O how the pow'rs of heaven do play
 With travelled mortality:
 And doth their weakness still betray,
 In their best prosperity!
 When being lifted up so high,
 They look beyond themselves so far,
 That to themselves they take no care:
 Whil'st swift confusion down doth lay
 Their late proud mounting vanity:
 Bringing their glory to decay,
 And with the ruin of their fall,
 Extinguish people, state, and all.

But is it justice that all we,
 The innocent poor multitude,
 For great mens faults should punish'd be,
 And to destruction thus pursu'd?
 O why should th' heav'ens us include,
 Within the compass of their fall;
 Who of themselves procured all?
 Or do the gods (in close) decree,
 Occasion take how to extrude
 Man from the earth with cruelty?
 Ah no, the gods are ever just,
 Our faults excuse their rigour must.

This is the period fate set down,
 To Egypt's fat prosperity:
 Which now unto her greatest grown,
 Must perish thus, by course must die,
 And some must be the causers why
 This revolution must be wrought;
 As born to bring their state to nought:
 To change the people and the crown,
 And purge the world's iniquity:
 Which vice so far hath overgrown,
 As we, so they that treat us thus,
 Must one day perish like to us.

A C T IV.

SELEUCUS, RODON.

Sel. **N**Ever, friend Rodon, in a better hour
 Could I have met thee, than ev'n now I do,
 Having affliction in the greatest pow'r
 Upon my soul, and none to tell it to.
 For 'tis some ease our sorrows to reveal,
 If they to whom we shall impart our woes,
 Seem but to feel a part of what we feel,
 And meet us with a sigh but at a close.

Rod. And never (friend Seleucus) found'st thou one
That better could bear such a part with thee;
Who by his own knows others cares to moan,
And can, in like accord of grief, agree.
And therefore tell thy oppression of thy heart,
Tell to an ear prepar'd and tun'd to care:
And I will likewise unto thee impart
As sad a tale as what thou shalt declare.
So shall we both our mournful plaints combine,
I'll wail thy state, and thou shalt pity mine.

Sel. Well then, thou know'st how I have liv'd in grace
With Cleopatra, and esteem'd in court
As one of counsel, and of chiefest place,
And ever held my credit in that sort;
Till now in this confusion of our state,
When thinking I have us'd a means to climb,
And fled the wretched, flown unto the great,
(Following the fortune of the present time,)
Am come to be cast down and reclin'd clean;
And in the course of mine own plot undone:
For having all the secrets of the queen
Reveal'd to Caesar, to have favour won,
My treachery is quitted with disgrace,
My falshood loath'd, and not without good reasons.
Tho' good for him, yet princes in this case
Do hate the traytor, tho' they love the treason.
For how could he imagine I would be
Faithful to him, being false unto mine own?
And false to such a bounteous queen as she,
That had me rais'd, and made mine honour known?
He saw 'twas not for zeal to him I bear,
But for base fear, (on mine own state to settle.
Weakness is false, and faith in cowards rare,
Fear finds out shifts, timidity is subtle.
And therefore scorn'd of him, scorn'd of mine own,
Hateful to all that look into my state,
Despis'd Seleucus now is wofully grown
The mark of infamy, that's pointed at.

Rod. 'Tis much thou say'st, and O too much to feel.
And I do grieve, and do lament thy fall:

But yet all this which thou dost here reveal,
 Compar'd with mine, will make thine seem but small.
 Altho' my fault be in the self-same kind,
 Yet in degree far greater, far more hateful;
 Mine sprung of mischief, thine from feeble mind,
 I stain'd with blood, thou only but ungrateful.
 For unto me did Cleopatra give
 The best and dearest treasure of her blood,
 Lovely Caesario, whom she would should live
 Free from the dangers wherein Egypt stood:
 And unto me with him, this charge she gave;
 Here, Rodon, take, convey from out this coast
 This precious gem, the chiefest that I have,
 This jewel of my soul I value most;
 Guide him to India, lead him far from hence,
 Safeguard him where secure he may remain,
 Till better fortune call him back from thence,
 And Egypt's peace be reconcil'd again.
 For this is he that may our hopes bring back;
 (The rising sun of our declining state:)
 These be the hands that may restore our wreck,
 And raise the broken ruins made of late.
 He may give limits to the boundless pride
 Of fierce Octavius, and abate his might;
 Great Julius off-spring, he may come to guide
 The empire of the world, as his by right.
 O how he seems the model of his sire!
 O how I view my Caesar in his face!
 Such was his gate, so did his looks aspire;
 Such was his threat'ning brow, such was his grace,
 High-shoulder'd, and his forehead ev'n as high.
 And O, (if he had not been born so late,)
 He might have rul'd the world's great monarchy,
 And now have been the champion of our state.
 Then unto him, O my dear son (she says),
 Son of my youth, fly hence, O fly, be gone!
 Reserve thyself, ordain'd for better days,
 For much thou hast to ground thy hopes upon.
 Leave me (thy woeful mother) to endure
 The fury of this tempest here alone:

Who cares not for herself, so thou be sure,
Thou may'st revenge, when others can but moan :
Rodon will see thee safe, Rodon will guide
Thee and thy ways, thou shalt not need to fear.
Rodon (my faithful servant) will provide
What shall be best for thee, take thou no care.
And O, good Rodon, look well to his youth,
The ways are long, and dangerous every where :
I urge it not that I do doubt thy truth,
Mothers will cast the worst, and always fear.

The absent danger greater still appears,
Less fears he who is near the thing he fears.
And O! I know not what presaging thought
My spirit suggests of luckless bad event:
But yet it may, it is but love doth doat,
Or idle shadows which my fears present,
But yet the memory of mine own fate
Makes me fear his. And yet why should I fear?
His fortune may recover better state,
And he may come in pomp to govern here.
But yet I doubt the Genius of our race,
By some malignant spirit comes o'erthrown:
Our blood must be extinct in my disgrace,
Egypt must have no more kings of their own.
Then let him stay, and let us fall together,
Sith it is fore-decreed that we must fall.
Yet who knows what may come? let him go thither.
What merchant in one vessel ventures all?
Let us divide our stars. Go, go my son,
Let not the fate of Egypt find thee here:
Try if so be thy destiny can shun
The common wreck of us, by being there.
But who is he found ever yet defence
Against the heavens, or hid him any where?
Then what need I to send thee so far hence
To seek thy death, that may'st as well die here?
And here die with thy mother, die in rest,
Not travelling to what will come to thee.
Why should we leave our blood unto the east,
When Egypt may a tomb sufficient be?

O my divided soul! what shall I do?
 Whereon shall now my resolution rest?
 What were I best resolve to yield unto,
 When both are bad, how shall I know the best?
 Stay, I may hap so work with Caesar now,
 That he may yield him to restore thy right.
 Go; Caesar nev^r will consent that thou
 So near in blood, shalt be so great in might.
 Then take him, Rodon, go my son, farewell.
 But stay, there's something else that I would say:
 Yet nothing now, but O God speed thee well;
 Lest saying more, that more may make thee stay.
 Yet let me speak: it may be 'tis the last
 That ever I shall speak to thee, my son!
 Do mothers use to part in such post-haste?
 What! must I end, when I have scarce begun?
 Ah no, (dear heart) 'tis no such slender twine
 Wherewith the knot is ty'd 'twixt thee and me;
 That blood within thy veins came out of mine,
 Parting from thee, I part from part of me:
 And therefore I must speak. Yet what? O son! —

Here more she would, when more she could not say,
 Sorrow rebounding back whence it begun,
 Fill'd up the passage, and quite stop'd the way:
 When sweet Caesario with a princely spirit,
 (Tho' comfortless himself) did comfort give;
 With mildest words persuading her to bear it,
 And as for him, she should not need to grieve.
 And I (with protestations of my part,)
 Swore by that faith, (which sworn I did deceive)
 That I would use all care, all wit and art,
 To see him safe: and so we took our leave.

Scarce had we travell'd to our journey's end,
 When Caesar having knowledge of our way,
 His agents after us with speed doth send
 To labour me, Caesario to betray.
 Who with rewards and promises so large,
 Assail'd me then, that I grew soon content;
 And back to Rhodes did re-convey my charge,
 Pretending that Octavius for him sent,

To make him king of Egypt presently.

And thither come, seeing himself betray'd,
And in the hands of death through treachery,
Wailing his state, thus to himself he said:

Lo! here brought back by subtle train to death,
Betray'd by tutor's faith, or traytors rather:
My fault my blood, and mine offence my birth,
For being son of such a mighty father.

From India (whither sent by mother's care,
To be reserv'd from Egypt's common wreck,)
To Rhodes, (so long the arms of tyrants are,)
I am by Caesar's subtle reach brought back:
Here to be made th' oblation of his fears,
Who doubts the poor revenge these hands may do him:
Respecting neither blood, nor youth; nor years,
Or how small safety can my death be to him.

And is this all the good of being born great?
Then wretched greatness, proud rich misery,
Pompous distress, glittering calamity.
Is it for this th' ambitious fathers sweat,
To purchase blood and death for them and theirs?
Is this the issue that their glories get,
To leave a sure destruction to their heirs?

O how much better had it been for me,
From low descent, deriv'd of humble birth,
T' have eat the sweet-sower bread of poverty,
And drank of Nilus' streams in Nilus' earth:
Under the covering of some quiet cottage,
Free from the wrath of heav'n, secure in mind,
Untouch'd when sad events of princes dotage
Confounds whatever mighty it doth find.

And not t' have stood in their way, whose condition
Is to have all made clear, and all things plain
Between them and the mark of their ambition,
That nothing let the full light of their reign:
Where nothing stands, that stands not in submission;
Where greatness must all in itself contain.
Kings will be alone, competitors must down,
Near death he stands, that stands too near a crown.

Such is my case, for Caesar will have all.
 My blood must seal th' assurance of his state:
 Yet, ah weak state, that blood assure him shall,
 Whose wrongful shedding gods and men do hate,
 Injustice never 'scapes unpunish'd still,
 Though men revenge not, yet the heav'ns will.

And thou, Augustus, that with bloody hand,
 Cut'st off succession from another's race,
 May'st find the heav'ns thy vows so to withstand,
 That others may deprive thine in like case,
 When thou may'st see thy proud contentious bed
 Yielding thee none of thine that may inherit,
 Subvert thy blood, place others in their stead,
 To pay this thy injustice her due merit.

If it be true (as who can that deny,
 Which sacred priests of Memphis do foresay)
 Some of the offspring yet of Anthony
 Shall all the rule of this whole empire sway;
 And then Augustus, what is it thou gain'st
 By poor Antillius blood, or this of mine?
 Nothing but this thy victory thou stain'st,
 And pull'st the wrath of heav'n on thee and thine.

In vain doth man contend against the stars,
 For that he seeks to make, his wisdom mars.
 Yet in the mean time, we whom fates reserve,
 The bloody sacrifices of ambition,
 We feel the smart, whatever they deserve,
 And we endure the present time's condition.

The justice of the heav'ns revenging thus,
 Doth only satisfy itself, not us.

Yet 'tis a pleasing comfort that doth ease
 Affliction in so great extremity,
 To think their like destruction shall appease
 Our ghosts, who did procure our misery.
 But dead we are, uncertain what shall be,
 And living we are sure to feel the wrong;
 Our certain ruin we ourselves do see,
 They joy the while, and we know not how long.
 But yet, Caesar, thou must die content,
 For men will moan, and God revenge th' innocent.

Thus he complain'd, and thus thou hear'st my shame.

Sel. But how hath Caesar now rewarded thee?

Rod. As he hath thee. And I expect the same
As fell to Theodore to fall to me:

For he (one of my coat) having betray'd
The young Antilius, son of Anthony,
And at his death from off his neck convey'd
A jewel; which being ask'd, he did deny:
Caesar occasion took to hang him strait.

Such instruments with princes live not long:
Altho' they need such actors of deceit,
Yet still our sight seems to upbraid their wrong;
And therefore we must needs this danger run,
And in the net of our own guile be caught:
We must not live to brag what we have done,
For what is done must not appear their fault.

But here comes Cleopatra, woful queen,
And our shame will not that we should be seen.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cleopatra.

Cle. What hath my face yet power to win a lover?
Can this torn remnant serve to grace me so,
That it can Caesar's secret plots discover,
What he intends with me and mine to do?
Why then, poor beauty, thou hast done thy last
And best good service thou could'st do unto me,
For now the time of death reveal'd thou hast,
Which in my life did serve but to undo me.

Here Dolabella, far forsooth in love,
Writes how that Caesar means forthwith to send
Both me and mine th' air of Rome to prove,
There his triumphant chariot to attend.
I thank the man, both for his love and letter;
The one comes fit to warn me thus before,
But for th' other I must die his debtor,
For Cleopatra now can love no more.

But having leave, I must go take my leave
And last farewell of my dead Anthony;
Whose dearly honour'd tomb must here receive
This sacrifice, the last before I die.

O sacred, ever memorable stone,
 That hast without my tears, within my flame,
 Receive th' oblation of the woefull'st moan
 That ever yet from affliction came;
 And you dear reliques of my lord and love,
 (The sweetest parcels of the faithfull'st liver)
 O, let no impious hand dare to remove
 You out from hence, but rest you here for ever.
 Let Egypt now give peace unto you dead,
 That living gave you trouble and turmoil:
 Sleep quiet in this everlasting bed,
 In foreign land prefer'd before your soil.
 And O, if that the spirits of men remain
 After their bodies, and do never die,
 Then hear, O ghost, thy captive spouse complain,
 And be attentive to her misery.
 But if that labourfome mortality
 Found this sweet error only to confine
 The curious search of idle vanity,
 That would the depth of darkness undermine:
 Or rather to give rest unto the thought
 Of wretched man, with th' after-coming joy
 Of those conceiv'd fields whereon we doat,
 To pacify the present world's annoy.
 If it be so, why speak I then to th' air?
 But 'tis not so, my Anthony doth hear:
 His ever-living ghost attends my prayer,
 And do I know his how'ring spirit is near.
 And I will speak, and pray, and mourn to thee,
 O pure immortal love, that deign'st to hear:
 I feel thou answer'st my credulity
 With touch of comfort, finding none elsewhere.
 Thou know'st these hands entomb'd thee here of late,
 Free and unforc'd, which now must servile be,
 Reserv'd for bands to grace proud Caesar's state,
 Who seeks in me to triumph over thee.
 O if in life we could not sever'd be,
 Shall death divide our bodies now afunder?
 Must thine in Egypt, mine in Italy,
 Be kept the monuments of fortune's wonder?

If any powers be there whereas thou art,
(Sith that our country-gods betray our case)
O work they may their gracious help impart,
To save thy woeful wife from such disgrace.
Do not permit she should in triumph shew
The blush of her reproach, joyn'd with thy shame;
But (rather) let that hateful tyrant know,
That thou and I had power t' avoid the same.
But what do I spend breath and idle wind,
In vain invoking a conceived aid?
Why do I not myself occasion find
To break the bounds wherein myself am stay'd?
Words are for them that can complain and live,
Whose melting hearts, compos'd of baser frame,
Can to their sorrows time and leisure give,
But Cleopatra may not do the same.
No, Anthony, thy love requireth more:
A ling'ring death with thee deserves no merit,
I must myself force open wide a door
To let out life, and so unhouse my spirit.
These hands must break the prison of my soul.
To come to thee, there to enjoy like state,
As doth the long-pent solitary fowl,
That hath escap'd her cage, and found her mate.
This sacrifice, to sacrifice my life,
Is that true incense that doth best bescem;
These rites may serve a life-desiring wife,
Who doing them, t' have done enough doth deem.
My heart's blood should the purple flowers have been,
Which here upon thy tomb to thee are offer'd,
No smoak but dying breath should here been seen,
And this it had been too, had I been suffer'd.
But what have I, save these bare hands to do it?
And these weak fingers are not iron pointed:
They cannot pierce the flesh, being put unto it,
And I of all means else am disappointed.
But yet I must away, and means seek how
To come unto thee, whatsoe'er I do.
O death, art thou so hard to come by now;
That we must pray, intreat, and seek thee to.

But I will find thee, wheresoe'er thou lie,
For who can stay a mind resolv'd to die?

And now I go to work th' effect indeed,
I'll never send more words or sighs to thee:
I'll bring my soul myself, and that with speed,
Myself will bring my soul to Anthony.
Come, go, my maids, my fortune's sole attenders,
That minister to misery and sorrow:
Your mistress you unto your freedom renders,
And will discharge your charge yet e'er to-morrow.

And now by this, I think the man I sent,
Is near return'd, that brings me my dispatch.
God grant his cunning sort to good event,
And that his skill may well beguile my watch:
So shall I shun disgrace, leave to be sorry,
Fly to my love, 'scape my foe, free my soul;
So shall I set the last of life with glory,
Die like a queen, and rest without controul. [Exit.

CHORUS.

Mysterious Egypt, wonder-breeder,
Strict religion's strange observer,
State-orderer Zeal, the best rule-keeper,
Fost'ring still in temp'rate fervor:
O how cam'st thou to lose so wholly
All religion, law and order?
And thus become the most unboly
Of all lands, that Nilus border?
How could confus'd disorder enter
Where stern law sat so severely?
How durst weak lust and riot venture
Th' eye of justice looking nearly?
Could not those means that made thee great,
Be still the means to keep thy state?

Ah no, the course of things requireth
Change and alteration ever:
That same continuance man desireth,
Th' unconstant world yieldeth never.

*We in our counsels must be blinded,
 And not see what doth import us :
 And oftentimes the thing least minded,
 Is the thing that most must hurt us.
 Yet they that have the stern in guiding,
 'Tis their fault that should prevent it,
 For oft they seeing their country sliding,
 Take their ease, as tho' contented.
 We imitate the greater powers,
 The prince's manners fashion ours.*

*Tb' example of their light regarding,
 Vulgar looseness much incenses :
 Vice uncontrou'd grows wide enlarging,
 Kings small faults be great offences,
 And this hath set the window open
 Unto licence, lust, and riot :
 This way confusion first found broken,
 Whereby enter'd our disquiet.
 Those laws that old Sesostris founded,
 And the Ptolomies observed,
 Hereby first came to be confounded,
 Which our state so long preserv'd.
 The wanton luxury of court,
 Did form the people of like sort.*

*For all (respecting private pleasure,)
 Universally consenting
 To abuse their time, their treasure,
 In their own delights contenting :
 And future dangers naught respecting,
 Whereby, (O how easy matter
 Made this so general neglecting,
 Confus'd weakness to disscatter ?)
 Caesar found th' effect true try'd,
 In his easy entrance making :
 Who at the sight of arms, descry'd
 All our people, all forsaking.
 For riot (worse than war) so sore
 Had wasted all our strength before.*

Exit.

*And thus in Egypt servile render'd
 To the insolent destroyer :
 And all their sumptuous treasure tender'd ;
 All her wealth that did betray her
 Which poison (O if heav'n be rightful)
 May so far infect their senses,
 That Egypt's pleasure, so delightful,
 May breed them the like offences ;
 And Romans, learn our way of weakness,
 Be instructed in our vices :
 That our spoils may spoil your greatness,
 Overcome with our devices.
 Fill full your hands, and carry home,
 Enough from us to ruin Rome.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

DOLABELLA, TITUS.

*Dol. C*ome tell me, Titus, every circumstance,
 How Cleopatra did receive my news :
 Tell ev'ry look, each gesture, countenance,
 That she did in my letter's reading use.

*Tit. I shall, my lord, so far as I could note,
 Or my conceit observe in any wise.*

*It was the time when as she having got
 Leave to her dearest dead to sacrifice ;
 And now was issuing out the monument
 With odours, incense, garlands in her hand,
 When I approach'd (as one from Caesar sent)
 And did her close thy message t' understand.*

*She turns her back, and with her takes me in,
 Reads in thy lines thy strange unlook'd-for tale :
 And reads, and smiles, and stays, and doth begin
 Again to read, then blush'd, and then was pale.
 And having ended, with a sigh refolds
 Thy letter up : and with a fixed eye,
 (Which stedfast her imagination holds)
 She mus'd a while, standing confusedly.*

At length, ah friend, (said she) tell thy good lord,
 How dear I hold his pitying of my case:
 That out of his sweet nature can afford
 A miserable woman so much grace.
 Tell him how much my heavy soul doth grieve,
 Merciless Caesar should so deal with me:
 Pray him that he would all the counsel give,
 That might divert him from such cruelty.
 As for my love, say Anthony hath all,
 Say that my heart is gone into the grave
 With him, in whom it rests, and ever shall:
 I have it not myself, nor cannot have.
 Yet tell him he shall more command of me
 Than any whosoever living can,
 He that so friendly shews himself to be
 A right kind Roman, and a gentleman.
 Altho' his nation (fatal unto me)
 Have had mine age a spoil, my youth a prey,
 Yet his affection must accepted be,
 That favours one distressed in such decay.

Ah, he was worthy then to have been lov'd.
 Of Cleopatra, while her glory lasted:
 Before she had declining fortune prov'd,
 Or seen her honour wrack'd, her flower blasted.
 Now there is nothing left her but disgrace,
 Nothing but her affliction that can move:
 Tell Dolabella, one that's in her case
 (Poor soul) needs rather pity now than love,
 But shortly shall thy lord hear more of me.
 And ending so her speech, no longer stay'd,
 But hasted to the tomb of Anthony,
 And this was all she did, and all she said.

Dol. Ah sweet distressed lady! what hard heart
 Could chuse but pity thee, and love thee too?
 Thy worthiness, the state wherein thou art,
 Requireth both, and both I vow to do.
 Altho' ambition lets not Caesar see
 The wrong he doth thy majesty and sweetness,
 Which makes him now exact so much of thee,
 To add unto his pride, to grace his greatness.

He knows thou can'st no hurt procure us now,
 Sith all thy strength is seiz'd into our hands :
 Nor fears he that, but rather labours how
 He might shew Róme so greata queen in bands:
 That our great ladies (envying thee so much
 That stain'd them all, and held them in such wonder)
 Might joy to see thee and thy fortune such,
 Thereby extolling him that brought thee under.
 But I will seek to stay it what I may,
 I am but one, yet one that Caesar loves,
 And O if now I could do more than pray,
 Then should'st thou know how far affection moves.
 But that my power and prayer may prevail,
 I'll join them both to hinder thy disgrace :
 And e'en this present day I will not fail
 To do my best with Caesar in this case.

Tit. And, Sir, even now herself hath letters sent,
 I met her messenger as I came hither,
 With a dispatch, as he to Caesar went,
 But know not what imports her sending thither.
 Yet this he told, how Cleopatra late
 Was come from sacrifice; how richly clad
 Was serv'd to dinner in most sumptuous state,
 With all the bravest ornaments she had:
 How having din'd she writes, and sends away
 Him strait to Caesar, and commanded then
 All should depart the tomb, and none to stay
 But her two maids, and one poor countryman.

Dol. Why then I know she sends t' have audience now,
 And means t' experience what her state can do :
 To see if majesty will make him bow
 To what affliction could not move him to.

And O, if now she could but bring a view
 Of that fresh beauty she in youth possess'd,
 (The argument wherewith she overthrew
 The wit of Julius Caesar, and the rest)
 Then happily Augustus might relent,
 Whilst powerful love (far stronger than ambition)
 Might work in him, a mind to be content
 To grant her asking in the best condition ;

But being as she is, yet doth she merit
 To be respected, for what she hath been,
 The wonder of her kind, of rarest spirit,
 A glorious lady, and a mighty queen.
 And now, but by a little weakness falling
 To do that which perhaps sh' was forc'd to do :
 Alas! an error past, is past recalling,
 Take away weakness, and take women too.
 But now I go to be thy advocate,
 Sweet Cleopatra, now I'll use mine art,
 Thy presence will me greatly animate,
 Thy face will teach my tongue, thy love my heart.

S C E N E II.

NUNTIUS, CHORUS.

Nun. Am I ordain'd the careful messenger
 And sad news-bringer of the strangest death,
 Which self hand did upon himself infer,
 To free a captive soul from servile breath?
 Must I the lamentable wonder shew,
 Which all the world must grieve and marvel at?
 The rarest form of death in earth below,
 That ever pity, glory, wonder got.

Cho. What news bring'st thou, can Egypt yet yield
 more

Of sorrow than it hath? what can it add
 To the already overflowing store
 Of sad affliction, matter yet more sad?
 Have we not seen the worst of our calamity?
 Is there behind yet something of distress
 Unseen, unknown? tell if that greater misery
 There be, that we wail not that which is less.
 Tell us what so it be, and tell at first,
 For sorrow ever longs to hear her worst.

Nun. Well then the strangest thing relate I will,
 That ever eye of mortal man hath seen.

I (as you know) e'en from my youth, have still
 Attended on the person of the queen :
 And ever in all fortunes good or ill,
 With her as one of chiefest trust have been.
 And now in these two great extremities,
 That ever could to majesty befall,
 I did my best in what I could devise,
 And left her not till now she left us all.

Cho. What is she gone? hath Caesar forced so?

Nun. Yea, she is gone, and hath deceiv'd him too.

Cho. What, fled to India, to go find her son?

Nun. No, not to India; but to find her son.

Cho. Why then there's hope she may her state recover.

Nun. Her state? nay rather honour, and her lover.

Cho. Her lover? him she cannot have again.

Nun. Well, him she hath, with him she doth remain.

Cho. Why then she's dead. Is't so? why speak'st not thou?

Nun. You guess aright, and I will tell you how.
 When she perceiv'd all hope was clean bereft,
 That Caesar meant to send her strait away,
 And saw no means of reconciliation left,
 Work, what she could, she could not work to stay:
 She calls me to her, and she thus began.

O thou, whose trust hath ever been the same,
 And one in all my fortunes, faithful man,
 Alone content t' attend disgrace and shame.
 Thou, whom the fearful ruin of my fall,
 Never deter'd to leave calamity,
 As did those other smooth state-pleasures all,
 Who follow'd but my fortune, and not me;
 'Tis thou must do a service for thy queen,
 Wherein thy faith and skill must do their best,
 Thy honest care and duty shall be seen
 Performing this, more than in all the rest.
 For all what thou hast done may die with thee,
 Altho' 'tis pity that such faith should die,
 But this shall evermore remembred be,
 A rare example to posterity.

And loo
 In after
 So long
 And the
 Nor con
 I am ref
 Go find
 Two as
 I have a
 Enquire
 If th' hea
 But do t
 Being
 My true
 Devising
 So that t
 And so d
 Having f
 I soon re
 The aspi
 Which I
 And com
 What ha
 Seeing th
 But said,
 Taste son
 No, no, fa
 Thinking
 Well, in
 Glittering
 Great Cle
 Caesar, an
 E'en as she
 Clear Cyd
 When Asi
 Venus from
 E'en as she
 o goes she
 But that fi
 This last

And look how long as Cleopatra shall
 In after ages live in memory,
 So long shall thy clear fame endure withal,
 And therefore thou must not my suit deny,
 Nor contradict my will. For what I will
 I am resolv'd: and this now must it be.
 Go find me out with all thy art and skill
 Two aspicks, and convey them close to me.
 I have a work to do with them in hand,
 Enquire not what, for thou shalt soon see what,
 If th' heavens do not my designs withstand,
 But do thy charge, and let me shift with that.

Being thus conjur'd by her whom I have vow'd
 My true perpetual service, forth I went,
 Devising how my close attempt to shrowd,
 So that there might no art my art prevent.
 And so disguis'd in habit as you see,
 Having found out the thing for which I went,
 I soon return'd again, and brought with me
 The aspicks in a basket closely pent,
 Which I had fill'd with figs, and leaves upon.
 And coming to the guard that kept the door,
 What hast thou there? said they, and look'd thereon.
 Seeing the figs, they deem'd of nothing more,
 But said, they were the fairest they had seen.
 Taste some, said I, for they are good and pleasant.
 No, no, said they, go bear them to thy queen,
 Thinking me some poor man that brought a present.
 Well, in I went, where brighter than the sun,
 Glittering in all its pompous rich array,
 Great Cleopatra sat, as if she had won
 Caesar, and all the world beside this day:
 Even as she was when on thy chrystal streams,
 Clear Cydnos, she did shew what earth could shew,
 When Asia all amaz'd in wonder, deems
 Venus from heaven was come on earth below.
 Even as she went at first to meet her love,
 So goes she now again to find him:
 But that first did her greatness only prove,
 This last her love, that could not live behind him.

Yet as she fate, the doubt of my good speed
 Detraicts much from the sweetness of her look,
 Chear-marrer, care, did then such passions breed,
 That made her eye bewray the grief she took.
 But she no sooner sees me in the place,
 But strait her sorrow-clouded brow she clears,
 Lightning a smile from out a stormy face,
 Which all her tempest-beaten fences cheers.

Look how a stray'd perplexed traveller,
 When chac'd by thieves, and e'en at point of taking,
 Descrying suddenly some town not far,
 Or some unlook'd for aid to him-ward making;
 Cheers-up his tir'd spirits, thrusts forth his strength
 To meet that good, that comes in so good hour:
 Such was her joy, perceiving now at length
 Her honour was t' escape so proud a power.
 Forth from her seat she hastes to meet the present,
 And as one overjoy'd, she caught it strait,
 And with a smiling chear in action pleasant,
 Looking among the figs, finds the deceit.
 And seeing there the ugly ven'mous beast,
 Nothing dismay'd, she stays and views it well.
 At length th' extreamest of her passion ceas'd,
 When she began with words her joy to tell.

O rarest beast (saith she) that Africk breeds,
 How dearly welcome art thou unto me?
 The fairest creature that fair Nilus feeds
 Methinks, I see, in now beholding thee.
 What tho' the ever-erring world doth deem
 That angred nature fram'd thee but in spight,
 Little they know what they so light esteem,
 That never learn'd the wonder of thy might.
 Better than death, death's office thou dischargest,
 That with one gentle touch can'st free our breath:
 And in a pleasing sleep our soul enlargest,
 Making ourselves not privy to our death.
 If nature err'd, O then how happy error,
 Thinking to make the worst, she made the best:
 Sith thou best free'st us from our lives worst terror,
 An sweetly bringing souls to quiet rest.

Wh
 Tha
 To
 And
 How
 To
 And
 Atte
 The
 Tha
 The
 Tha
 Well
 Shad
 Off'r
 In w
 Com
 That
 And
 Doft
 And
 In ze
 Calan
 A sur
 Whic
 And o
 And
 That
 Off'r
 The c
 With
 To to
 And s
 Willin
 Loo
 For fo
 Doth e
 And st
 Now h
 Tells

When that inexorable monster, death,
That follows fortune, flies the poor distressed,
Tortures our bodies e'er he takes our breath,
And loads with pains th' already weak oppressed:
How oft have I begg'd, pray'd, intreated him
To take my life, which he would never do,
And when he comes, he comes so ugly grim,
Attended on with hideous torments too.
Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chief,
That open can'st with such an easy key
The door of life, come gentle cunning thief
That from ourselves so steal'st ourselves away.
Well did our priests discern something divine
Shadow'd in thee, and therefore first they did
Off'rings and worships due to thee assign,
In whom they found such mysteries were hid,
Comparing thy swift motion to the sun,
That mov'st without the instruments that move:
And never waxing old, but always one,
Dost sure thy strange divinity approve.
And therefore too, the rather unto thee
In zeal I make the off'ring of my blood,
Calamity confirming now in me
A sure belief that piety makes good,
Which happy men neglect, or hold ambiguous,
And only the afflicted are religious.

And here I sacrifice these arms to death,
That lust late dedicated to delights:
Off'ring up for my last, this last of breath,
The compliments of my love's dearest rites.
With that she bares her arm, and offer makes
To touch her death, yet at the touch withdraws,
And seeming more to speak, occasion takes,
Willing to die, and willing too to pause.

Look how a mother at her son's departing,
For some far voyage bent to get him fame,
Doth entertain him with an idle parling,
And still doth speak, and still speaks but the same;
Now bids farewell, and now recalls him back,
Tells what was told, and bids again farewell,

And yet again recalls; for still doth lack
 Something that love would fain, and cannot tell.
 Pleas'd he should go, yet cannot let him go.
 So she, altho' she knew there was no way
 But this, yet this she could not handle so,
 But she must shew that life desir'd delay.
 Fain would she entertain the time as now,
 And now would fain that death would seize upon her,
 Whilst I might see presented in her brow,
 The doubtful combat try'd 'twixt life and honour.
 Life bringing legions of fresh hopes with her,
 Arm'd with the proof of time, which yields we say
 Comfort and help to such as do refer
 All unto him, and can admit delay.
 But honour scorning life, lo forth leads he
 Bright immortality in shining armour:
 Through the rays of whose clear glory, she
 Might see life's baseness, how much it might harm her.
 Besides, she saw whole armies of reproaches,
 And base disgraces, furies fearful sad,
 Marching with life, and shame that still inroaches
 Upon her face, in bloody colours clad.
 Which representations seeing, worse than death,
 She deem'd to yield to life, and therefore chose
 To render all to honour, heart and breath;
 And that with speed, lest that her inward foes,
 False flesh and blood, joining with life and hope,
 Should mutiny against her resolution,
 And to the end she would not give them scope,
 She presently proceeds to th' execution;
 And sharply blaming of her rebel powers,
 False flesh, (saith she) and what dost thou conspire
 With Caesar too, as thou wert none of ours,
 To work my shame, and hinder my desire?
 Wilt thou retain in closure of thy veins,
 That enemy, base life, or let my good?
 No, know there is a greater power constrains,
 Than can be countercheck'd with fearful blood.
 For to the mind that's great, nothing seems great:
 And seeing death to be the last of woes,

And life lasting disgrace, which I shall get,
What do I lose, that have but life to lose?

This having said, strengthen'd in her own heart,
And union of herself, senses in one
Charging together, she performs that part
That hath so great a part of glory won.
And so receives the deadly poisoning touch,
That touch that try'd the gold of her love pure,
And hath confirm'd her honour to be such,
As must a wonder to all worlds endure.
Now not an yielding shrink, or touch of fear,
Consented to bewray least sense of pain:
But still in one same sweet unaltered cheer,
Her honour did her dying thoughts retain.

Well, now this work is done (saith she) here ends
This act of life, that part the fates assign'd;
What glory or disgrace here this world lends,
Both have I had, and both I leave behind.
And now, O earth, the theatre where I
Have acted this, witness I die unforc'd,
Witness my soul parts free to Anthony,
And now proud tyrant, Caesar, do thy worst.

This said, she stays, and makes a sudden pause,
As 'twere to feel whether the poison wrought:
Or rather else the working might be th' cause
That made her stay, and entertain'd her thought.
For in that instant I might well perceive
The drowsy humour in her falling brow:
And how each power, each part oppress'd did leave
Their former office, and did senseless grow.

Look how a new-pluck'd branch against the sun,
Declines his fading leaves in feeble sort;
So her disjointed jointures as undone,
Let fall her weak dissolved limbs support.
Yet so that face, the wonder of her life,
Retains in death a grace that graceth death,
Colour so lively, cheer so lovely rise,
That none would think such beauty could want breath.

And in that chear th' impression of a smile,
 Did seem to shew she scorn'd death and Caesar,
 As glorying that she could them both beguile,
 And telling Death how much her death did please her.
 Wonder it was to see how soon she went,
 She went with such a will, and did so haste it,
 That sure I think she did her pain prevent,
 Foregoing pain, or staying not to taste it.
 And senseless, in her sinking down, he wries
 The diadem which on her head she wore,
 Which Charmion (poor weak feeble maid) espies,
 And hastes to right it, as it was before.
 For Eras now was dead, and Charmion too
 Ev'n at the point, for both would imitate
 Their mistress Glory, striving like to do;
 But Charmion would in this exceed her mate,
 For she would have this honour to be last,
 That should adorn that head that must be seen
 To wear a crown in death, that life held fast,
 That all the world may know she died a queen.
 And as she stood, setting it fitly on,
 Lo, in rush Caesar's messengers in haste,
 Thinking to have prevented what was done,
 But yet they came too late for all was past.
 For there they found, stretch'd on a bed of gold,
 Dead Cleopatra, and that proudly dead,
 In all the rich attire procure she could,
 And dying Charmion trimming of her head,
 And Eras at her feet, dead in like case.
 Charmion, is this well done, said one of them?
 Yea, well said she, and her that from the race
 Of so great kings descends, doth best become.
 And with that word, yields too her faithful breath,
 To pass th' assurance of her love with death.

Cho. But how knew Caesar of her close intent?

Nun. By letters which before to him she sent.
 For when she had procur'd this means to die,
 She writes, and earnestly intreats she might

Be buried in one tomb with Anthony,
Whereby then Caesar guess'd all went not right;
And forthwith sends, yet e'er the message came
She was dispatch'd, he cross'd in his intent,
Her providence had order'd so the same,
That she was sure none should her plot prevent.

CHORUS.

*Then thus we have behold
Th' accomplishment of woes,
The full of ruin and
The worst of worst of ills:
And seen all hope expell'd,
That ever sweet repose
Shall repossess the land,
That desolation fills,
And where ambition spills,
With uncontrouled hand,
All th' issue of all those
That so long rule have held:
To make us no more us,
But clean confound us thus.*

*And can'st, O Nilus, thou
Father of floods endure,
That yellow Tyber should
With sandy streams rule thee?
Wilt thou be pleas'd to bow
To him those feet so pure,
Whose unknown head we hold
A power divine to be?
Thou that didst ever see
Thy free banks uncontroul'd,
Live under thine own care:
Ah, wilt thou bear it now?
And now wilt yield thy streams
A prey to other realms?*

Draw back thy waters, flow
 To thy concealed head :
 Rocks strangle up thy waves,
 Stop cataracts thy fall,
 And turn thy courses so,
 That sandy deserts dead,
 (The world of dust that craves
 To swallow thee up all)
 May drink so much as shall
 Revive from wasty graves,
 A living green, which spread
 Far flourishing, may grow
 On that wide face of death,
 Where nothing now draws breath.

Fatten some people there,
 Ev'n as thou us hast done,
 With plenty's wanton store,
 And feeble luxury :
 And them as us prepare
 Fit for the day of moan,
 Respite not before.
 Leave levell'd Egypt dry,
 A barren prey to lie,
 Wasted for evermore ;
 Of plenties yielding none
 To recompense the care
 Of victor's greedy lust,
 And bring forth nought but dust.

And so, O leave to be,
 Sith thou art what thou art :
 Let not our race possess
 Th' inheritance of shame,
 The fee of sin, that we
 Have left them for their part :
 The yoke of whose distress
 Must still upbraid our blame,

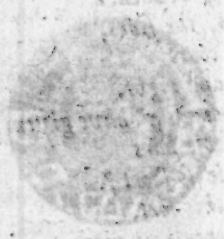
*Telling from whom it came.
Our weight of wantonness
Lies heavy on their heart,
Who never more shall see
The glory of that worth
They left, who brought us forth.*

*O then all-seeing light,
High president of heaven,
You magistrates, the stars,
Of that eternal court
Of providence and right,
Are these the bounds y^e have given
Th^t untranspassable bars
That limit pride so short?
Is greatness of this sort,
That greatness greatness mars,
And racks itself, self-driven
On rocks of her own might?
Doth order order so,
Disorders overthrow?*

F I N I S.

OF THE HISTORY

The first of the
The second of the
The third of the
The fourth of the
The fifth of the
The sixth of the
The seventh of the
The eighth of the
The ninth of the
The tenth of the



Books printed and sold by ROBERT
& ANDREW FOULIS.

In pure Greek, on fine writing paper, in 4to.

Homeri Ilias, 2 vols
Æschylus
Sophocles

With latin translations in 4to.

Æschylus, 2 vols
Demetrius Phalereus de elocutione

In pocket volumes the following,

Homeri Ilias, 2 vols
Hippocratis Aphorismi
Xenophontis de Agesilao rege oratio
Pindari opera
Anacreon
Æschylus, 2 vols
Sophocles, 2 vols
Aristotelis poetica
Demetrius Phalereus
Xenophontis Hiero
Theophrasti characteres
Epictetus
M. Antoninus
Aristotelis de mundo
Cebetis tabula cum notulis
Longinus

In Folio.

C. Julii Caesaris et A. Hirtii de rebus a Caesare gestis commentarii cum fragmentis. acceperunt indices locorum, rerumque et verborum. omnia, ex recensione Samuelis Clarke, fideliter expressa.

In quarto,

C. Julii et A. Hirtii commentarii.

C. Plinii Caecilii Secundi quae supersunt.

M. Minucii Felicis Octavius.

Boetius de Consolatione Philosophiae.

In pocket volumes the following Latin Authors.

Lucretius

Terentius

Horatius, editio altera

Juvenalis et Persius

Ciceronis opera omnia, 20 vol.

C. Julii Caesaris et A. Hirtii commentarii, 3 tom.

C. Nepotis vitae excellentium imperatorum

M. Minucii Felicis Octavius

Boetius de consolatione Philosophiae

C. Plinii epistolarum libri decem, et Panegyricus

Trajano dictus. 3 tom.

In the press,

Ovidii opera 3 tom.

M. Fabii Quintiliani de institutione Oratoris libri duodecim.

Caesare
cefferunt
um. om-
eliter ex-

Authors.

i. 3 tom.
um

negyricus

toris libri